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HONORED DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} GLOBE.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OF THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

OCTOBER.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Not the light of the long, blue Summer,
Nor the dreamy heaviness, flowing,
Nor the chilly and seeming Winter,
Doth prove to my bosom bring,

Like the hoary and sad October,
White her woods stand lone and brown,
And over the top of the south land
The flowers are blowing down.

When all night long, in the moonlight,
The boughs of the oak rise cloudy,
And the wind, like a wandering poet,
Is singing a mournful wail!

And all day through the closed corners,
The rainbows exquisitely notice—
For then is my pale heart troubled
The sweet passion flower of love.

With bosom as pure as the snow-wreath,
And soft as the fair maiden,
And with the tint deeper shadows
In the light of the sunken eye,

Came the maiden whose wonderful beauty
Enchanted my soul from me,
And studded—my heart that was never,
No, never before made such!

For many fine fellows' pride and passion,
And true Knots of love, she wore,
Like a pale star falling with sorrow
From the morning's golden tear.

But oh, when the bosom of Autumn
Is White with the Passion flower,
We must to the pallid Jealousy
That blooms in the land of sorrow.

For, seeing me, true through the crowded
That broken about her alone,
She rose from her sweet throne of glory
And bitter pain to me! Adieu!

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;
OR,
THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.
A RETRIBUTION.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DARK ST. REC.

Ignorance. The nothing one time among men the world.

Anon. Men whose happiness is low or somewhat Is not to be envied, but to be pitied. Is better than to be glory. Bishop.

"No matter, do not light the candle, as I would rather not see myself. Sit down, Mrs. Mercer, on that low lounge under the window—yes—draw the curtain back—unclose the shutters—that will do—now open the window—yes—it is not a damp night, so there will be no danger in your sitting there while my face is in shade. Put your arm around her, Mercer, for you may be my boy upon your shoulder—no—no—not a word, I say, or there will be no end to the small talk in a dozen. Nay, I can do it myself, let me tell you before I waste, or better my mind about changes, and the manner of their working my secret from me. Are you listening, mother? From the sound of your voice, I do not think you do, and make me—make me—listen! Do you hear, sir, as in a dream?

A gentler, closer embrace of the well arm—a gentle kiss of the cool brow was the only answer. The day was done indeed. The fair-haired daughter were sealed on the dreary notice well, there being to the window. Her head upon her arms was around the waist of her child, whose head was pillowed on her bosom, and whose fingers clasped that of Imogene. Mrs. Summerfield remembered in a low, monotonous tone, like one who had learned it by heart and recited it mechanically.

"It is three years—nearly four, mother, since I went from home to school, as you know well, mother; I was upon then, was I not? Life—yes, life—was then full of hope and brilliancy, so I was filled with enthusiasm and joy. Perhaps the highest joy I felt then, mother, was in the ardent anticipation of meeting my—my—Colonel Dangerfield. Whenever I might be, I seemed to walk in the light of a bright and sun vision, and the most glorious feature, the god of that vision was Colonel Dangerfield! Yes, mother, whether when I was placed into a close stage-coach on my journey to school, or in the crowded lecture room, or in the hall of my own grounds, or the chapel, or the dormitory—wherever my body, or even my outshirt might be, my spirit was roaming through palace, hall, grounds, with Dangerfield. The ring he placed upon my finger at parting, the locket containing his hair, upon my bosom seemed to me but to the hottest metal, so much did they burn upon my bosom; I would clasp them in prayer; I walked and in a garden, and—Everything which seemed to him me one—Dangerfield. In all my occupations, amusements and studies, this was the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end. Yes, this was the centre around which my whole life revolved. Did I read history? I saw nothing there so prominent as the noble Roman matron, the noble wife of Brutus, and what to my professional heart, even such a rule will be to my noble Americans! Did I weary on my feet? I leaned my head on my hand, my elbow on my knee, and sat for days, for my future wife, I will conquer repugnance, I will master this task, and then my heart would fire with enthusiasm, and I would start up and work as I never worked before or since. All deep joy about which my mother was, now that I was to be—I was now my work to improve or destroy or distort itself in beauty, but never in ugliness. My life walked apart as a golden dream. My companions—he laughed at me—sometimes chaffed me with elements of mind; and they were right! No sun among my teachers lived such a sun as I did. My life was then, mother, as it is now, and with a "heavenly," but an earthly background. Yes! I was dazzled by my own Belle—in imagination.

"Dangerfield was my enthusiasm, my worship, my secret treasure, and I would be glad when my head was on the pillow, and the real world was dark and silent, was gone from me, and with after vista of the ideal world, each more glorious than the last, would open before me, and I in the bright pageantry of a midnight dream." The great cities of the earth, the kingdoms of the world, and the princes thereof, passed in review before my dazzling succession—a magnificent panorama before my mental eye—and first and last, and most glorious there, lighting up my dream as the sun lights up day, radiated—Him—Dangerfield.

"Do you recollect, mother, that I was scarcely fifteen years old then, and by no means precocious?"

"Yes, yes; I remember—but go on—or rather I mean—take your time, my dear child."

"Mother, I need him not. I never loved him, never could, never can love him!"

"Imogene! are you then really mad? You give me the history of the most rapt and passionate devotion, and end by saying that you did not, could not, can not love the man?"

"Mother, was it thus you loved my father?"

"No, not with such enthusiasm; he was a more worthy man, and I loved him truly, wherefore, my faithfulness to him was a winter at rightness, and never re-married."

A long pause followed this, and then Imogene resumed the conversation.

"No, mother, not so; you loved my father; for your loved, and I did not—my passion, for it was a passion, if one ever fired a human soul—was of the imagination only—was the lover, the enthusiasm, the very ecstacy of mine was never—not once, not long—love.

"Oh, Imogene! there is something behind yet!"

"There is, and yet— Well! you know, mother; or perhaps you do not know, that the icy and secluded apartments of my father's house after some of the outside and unholy world? Of all the suffering upon earth, they are the most intolerable—the most unendurable. Not to speak of guilt, for for it there after must arise a time vastly more than a mere moment, and to those for whom they expect any interest of interest that they, in the recipient of that interest, may have—guilt is up from a casual source. Flame is full out that from the waters, at last, the elder gale burst out in the secret of my mother's heart, and I was free, and I little by little, they sought to edge into my confidence. One young lady would inform me that her father had been chairman at the great dinner party last night, and that Dangerfield, Colonel Dangerfield with a sweet from the lamb—I was a woman—I was a woman—I was a woman

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY D. W. BARTLETT.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

It seems to be the great aim of Americans who travel in Europe to forget the simple republican customs of their native land. It would seem as if a native born child of Washington would be so proud of it as never to forget it with tongue or heart wherever he may be. But such is not always the case. When an American goes abroad and is struggling to get into the society of the wealthy and noble, he lays by his democracy and affects a love for kingcraft and aristocracy. There is no use in forging this fact, intelligent Europeans will attest its truth.

I well remember the case of a sage friend gave me when leaving America—a friend who had seen Europe thoroughly—"Be a Republican—be not at all ashamed of your native land and its institutions!" I resolved, young as I was, to act as if proud of our American customs and ideas, of course without giving offence. Almost the first night of my advent into society, I was severely tried by the wife of a still lazy, remarking to me in the presence of others—

"You Republican countrymen must have a natural state which you are in—you will become a kingdom yet!"

I smiled at her remark, and asked—if to prove a natural state, with a few rich men and millions of paupers the way was not open for nobles, but again began to talk of American literature.

"You have good prose-writers," she said, "as for there is Washington Irving, and Cooper, and Prescott—but you have never written poetry yet!"

"I beg your pardon, madame," I replied, "we have poets as good as yours!"

"What!" spoiled in Milton, and Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Byron, and Pope?"

"But," I replied, "Milton, and Shakspeare, and Spenser, are no more yours than ours. We are as much related to them as you—we are both descendants of the age which grew them forth, and that is all either of us can claim. Excuse in count your present poets, madame, and you will find that you have none as Milton, Shakspeare. You have your Wordsworth to be sure—as have we our Bryant. You have your Longfellow, and Dana, and Whittier!"

The temper of the dispute was, that she applauded my patriotism, and ended with saying—

"But you Americans scarcely ever bow before country and institutions when abroad!" I felt stung to the quick by the curious remark, for I found it to be too true. American abroad do not sufficiently exhibit themselves in their home-character. An American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, acts not like a simple Republican, but like the aristocrats which surround him. He is as great a one for the time being, as any of them; and more than once has the American Minister turned a cold shoulder upon some friend, who at home had made every exertion in his power to assist him in his advancement Fame and Power,—and had crossed the ocean sure of the Republicanism of his political friend. But he was mistaken—and at the table of his friend in office found aristocrats, surrounded from his host for aristocrats, and promising low for his plain Republican friends!

And the English resident of their power to transform anything within their reach, into a supplant. They take an elegant Republican from the arms of the people, and make him a mere machine—dub him a Peer, and the change is complete. There is no more insolence for liberty in his soul! Not only that, but when the representative of the American Republic comes, he even wears they can make him soul in his worship of nobility and kingcraft; and he never thinks of seeing or mingling with the people, for they are beneath his notice. Oh! for the day of Franklin, or rather for more Franklins now-a-days! He did not bow to the minions of Louis-Xvi. In simple dress he had audience of Kings—and everywhere his stern simplicity commanded respect. His presence was always a rebuke to the monarchists, and they felt it—but now an American Minister, instead of being a terror to evil-doers, is rather their flatterer than observer. He spends weeks in the manorial of the nobles—in parties!—and he rants new letters a Republican sentiment, seldom—mainly have Republicanism tendered without reeping nerve a word! I simply appeal to intelligent and candid foreigners if what I write is not very often true of our representatives abroad. I have many times had it flung in my teeth, that we are a nobility-worshipping people, "because when America came here, they worship the nobles of the land—and I only allowed entrance into the first circles, are never heard after saying a word against monarchies, or in favor of democracy!"

Knowing, the poet-orator, when in England, received a most flattering reception, for those that gathered about him were the aristocracy of the United of Britain. He moved entirely at all in what we are called the fashionable classes, but chose to be among the literary and scientific, for of course such a man could choose his company. He was a perfectly gentle man, and his republicanism followed him everywhere. He was not ferocious taking about it, but the sweet simplicity of his manners and conversation, his total worshiping for rank or station, without goodness or talent, accompanied him wherever he went, and the English people thought too tame as master of him as to be had learned about them or secured true American simplicity. It is perfectly easy for an American to move in the very top of our circles, and be a republican in spite of his heart, if he will only be courageous, for a time while, but there are few who have the moral courage for the few first weeks. They will have far better of him, if he will be true to himself and his country, that if he become a traitor. And suppose they did not—should that be a reason for forsaking the colonies of Liberty?

The late Henry Colman is a fine example what truth and sincerity may accomplish. He was well known and he was prized and flattered by the highest nobles of the land. No American was ever received as flatteringly by the English nobility. He was at home anywhere, and conferred honors upon him from all quarters. But he never flinched from his republicanism, and never for a moment would allow a word to be spoken in his presence in disparagement of America without defending her but tenderly. When he returned to America he proclaimed his calmness, in which he said many fine things of the English nobility, how that they are the finest agriculturalists and horsekeepers in the world, and that their love of painting and of beauty is fervent and refined. All this was right, but that was not all he should—he exposed, most powerfully, the terrible poverty which the overgrown England he described his visit to her peopled and the dreadful hopeless and stubbed bondcast over the whole Kingdom. He spoke plainly of the miserable condition of the laboring classes, and the excitement was awful. Among the very men who had prized him so highly he was shunned as a mean knobcur. They knew that the man had spoken the truth of them, and with a chivalric spirit in their hearts knew not him for it. When he returned to England again the same cordiality and hails were open to him as before, and he was thought clever enough before he made his visit to England. When the French Revolution burst so suddenly forth, he was at the country-seat of one of the first nobles in England, and I am told was at dinner when the news came, with several high-born men and women about him. The news of the flight of the greats grew pale, and the excitement was so great that the owner of the house was compelled to leave. Every one was deprecating the revolution, and commiserating Louis Philippe, when Colman arose and said, with enthusiasm:—Hurrah for the republicans of Paris!—I beg pardon, lad ies and gentlemen, but I love liberty, and think it is that there is a prospect of republicanism in possession of it!" There was not a man or woman present but in their hearts respected him for the sentiments he had uttered, but there is not one in a hundred of Americans abroad to it would have dared spoken a word in favor of liberty at such a time.

Collin, the artist, who has been for several years in London is a true American in act, and speech, and sentiment, and he is liked in English circles chiefly for those features. An American Walk is see American, and not a sycophant and they time-server.

Barrett is another Yankee in England, who is not ashamed to speak his opinions anywhere he may be, and he is very popular abroad.

Elihu Burritt never was relished by the aristocracy—he is his peace-efforts he has awakened the powers of a sense of their stupidity in much longer enduring such taxation, and all in support of an army, which is ready to show them down if they advocate too liberty. Even the thunder of *The Times* has been directed against him, and he has been by that most degraded as "the Yankee cobbler." But that tol not put him or his cause down.

There are several other Americans in London who deserve the thanks of their countrymen for their consistency and courage—but there are also many others who receive the knees a-bel to protect of my people against the encroachments of

☞ Punch advises General Haynau to plaster and change his name.

A JENNY LIND MARTYR.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

Mr. Editor:—I am a victim to the Jenny Lind mania. Since the arrival of that distinguished young lady, I have been severely exercised in mind, body and purse. My estimable spouse has an unfortunate propensity to glorify every personage of note who may chance to visit this country, whether she be black or white, old or young, bond or free, *ton* or Gentile; and Father Matthew and Tom Thumb, John Tyler and Mr. Glidden's Mummy, Joyce Heth and Jenny Lind, are alike entitled to the adoration of her fashionable admiration. On the night of the memorable day when Jenny first reached Boston, I had the pleasure of proceeding with Mrs. —— to the vicinity of the Revere House for three successive hours, in the vain hope of obtaining a glimpse of the Nightingale, and on the succeeding Saturday evening, when Pips insisted upon my accompanying the family and a large delegation of country friends, who, by a curious coincidence, happened just then to visit us, to hear the serenade. So open that eventful night, I found myself in what might, without exaggeration, be called a crowd.

The position of a gentleman in that promiscuous assemblage, with four females and five small children under his protection, may be more easily imagined than described. As at the conclusion of the proceedings, my hat was forcibly driven over my eyes by some fat youngster, I was enhanced to be my neighbors in the crowd, and my pocket book silently abstracted by some light-fingered amateur. I perhaps, did not feel exactly the frame of mind to truly appreciate the performances of the evening. I say this in justice, however, that if I am so fortunate as to have my pocket book restored to me, I may attend "the very last" serenade that I shall honor with my presence during the remainder of my natural life.

I cannot depict the manifold horrors of that night. Suffice it to say, that at eleven o'clock I found myself in a subterranean apartment in the Revere House, with my wife, my children, my friends, and both coat tails gone, three of the four ladies in hysterics and smashed bonnets, and two children in the extremity of infantine grief. The remainder of the night was cheerfully spent in an ineffectual attempt to recover the three other little incidents, when the ground of choice spirits had separated from the main body of the party, returned to their anxious parents till the morrow. I thought that Mrs. Pips would never get over the nervous agitation of that night, but you believe it, that infatuated woman solemnly averred, the next day, that a more glimpse of Nightingale's vigorously shaking a white fabric from the window, fully compensated her for the fatigue and annoyance of the night!

Here, then, I thought my troubles would have an end. But no! Complication. Nothing would do but we must go to the concert—country friends, relations, and all. Back we went to the Tremont Temple, and there, at what she facetiously called a cheap rate, we were to be packed in half each—the aggregate of which, together with the customary accompaniments, I had the satisfaction of paying out of my own pocket. But the apothecary business has been rather slim of late, and the total of one of our infancy, I was obliged to raise the money by a loan from one of those good-natured, accommodating gentlemen who may be seen sunning themselves on the Northerly side of State Street any day but between two o'clock, who, for a consideration, will share their last dollar with you.

To the concert we accordingly went—Mrs. Pips in her best striped silk, the country ladies in a variety of multicolors, and myself in my best linen at least new suits, and your humble servant in an unpaid-for coat. The music was well enough; but there was a tantalizing in the air during the whole performance, the burden to which was "our hundred dollar Jenny Lind and forty-five cents, sum total of my outlay for the evening's entertainment. I was not alone in feeling one out of my head. I finally hoped that the unpleasant expense would be the extent of the extravagant mania into which the advent of the Nightingale has plunged my magnified household, but I deceived myself. Mrs. Pips and Miss Pips must have their dresses for the concert, and I miserable as I was, was obliged to succumb. I expended Jenny Lind carpet also new at Peltre's. My son Tom has sent to New York for a Greek hat, the girls have bought Jenny Lind capes, Jenny Lind scarfs, and Jenny Lind bonnets, and—mortifying as all, the very boy who first calls me a Jenny Lind frock of its finest texture. Whether I will ever get over the expenditure which my family entailed upon me, I cannot say. What will come next, I cannot imagine.

I enjoyed the ladies of our good city, generally, the habit of those who have no "position" to keep, and their own standing, and eschewed expensive fashions, to relieve their families from ruin, and not to follow them. In this Address the most extravagant portion of the community, and it is ordinary should be made abortive. The following are the most important portions of the document in question:

You are through the ballot-box to condemn, by your votes in person and by proxy, the present and condemning as ever was placed before a republican people.

Whether that magnificent, open whose simplicity, integrity, and dignity, have been the boast and safety of your persons and your property, must be left to your votes. Whether the Whig party shall rest our wives and children will be secured with a sagacious, honest, and faithful ruler, and a well-devised system of finance, which will not be sub-serving in their requirements as they now are under your own eyes, or whether the Democratic party shall be entrusted with the power of the law, by the ballot of patriots.

Hitherto, James K. Polk has been neither a Whig nor a Democrat. It is proposed to us to make her one.

If you elected your voters at the polls,—and I trust that the departure of the Nightingale will not incapacitate you, who are our Lord and, from the performance of your duty,—you will elect a Whig President, and a Whig Congress, against whose united majorities the Locofocos will, and ought which we are now constantly overwhelmed.—And with the beautiful wish, I subscribe myself, your fellow citizen,

SEBASTIAN FIPS.

P. S.—As I close this letter, a small rascal passing into opposite is screeching Jenny Lind's Greeting to America, in the loudest possible tone, to the accompaniment of a hand-organ, and breaking down at every third line, and common Yankee Doodle. Whether this is a part of the day ranked Jenny upon her best institution, and whether it is to be the future Republican air, I shall not say at present.

Fellow-citizens, the question which is before you to-day is one of the most vital which ever directly or indirectly met to man's virtue and good sense. We are summoned to decide whether the Whig party shall be thrust upon us at all times and places with the best organs that can be obtained, or whether both our tones, and the boys whose attention whistling will drive me mad. Is there a piano for us?

S. P.

Clippings.

☞ A YANKEE DOCTOR.—The opinion entertained by the more intelligent class of Swiss physicians in regard to homœopathy, is thus given by a correspondent of the Boston Courier. "In fact, we are laying down waves for the purpose of exhibiting the American Sea Serpent.

☞ SAGACIOUS.—The editor of the Charleston Evening News says: "For me, my prospect is bright up to 10 o'clock—all our evils set on back. Who goes with us?"

☞ MRS. Partington wants to know if printers can't have a patent right for the word "mum" that "puts it quiet." "Why," said the old lady, "our son is always quiet during the time of weather. Ten cent's scarcely more than out of pocket."

☞ TUNNELING THE ALPS.—A Turin letter to the editor of the London Times says, "I am told that the great work of piercing the Alps at Mont Cenis for a monster tunnel, has been abandoned, and that a new line, more practicable, is about to be selected, embracing railroad from Genoa to Turin, or under consideration.

☞ IT is stated in a London paper that a new locomotive engine, on an improved principle, has just been manufactured at Glasgow, by which the speed can be increased to one hundred miles per hour. The engine is to be tried on the Glasgow and Garnock railway. It is said that the inventor will not consent to the adoption of the engine, unless a speed of one hundred miles per hour can be attained.

☞ A singular proceeding this, for such men as Mr. J. Dunne, Joseph R. Ingersoll, William M. Meredith, Charles J. Ingersoll, Jacob Randolph, Frederick Fraley, &c.

Why, the reading of the Address quite took away my breath—for the moment I was lost in the showing of the above distinguished gentlemen, and good Mister was at the very head of a frightful purgatory, and not one word said till we came to the point of condemning and voting against. Then gentlemen deserve severe censure for not giving the warning until it was too late—for the Address was issued on Saturday, and the election was almost on Monday, before these sage advisers thought to speak.

If we possessed the influence of either of the gentlemen named, we would have written an Address—we should we should have written, and published, and called public meetings, and endeavored to get up a ratification meeting—and we would have made a great deal of noise—and we would have made the useful gulf into which we should have thrown it, so deep, that the bad fame all that man could reasonably be saved to do, should we but that, be the question decided, and we be relieved from all responsibility.

But we do not believe as these distinguished gentlemen do, that the people of Pennsylvania are ripe for change—that the time has come for the introduction of Locofocism. In any event—and the argument has had its effect—we have not been able to discover that we made many votes of that at present. And if our opinion is worth any thing, we would say that the signal of trust that they are now. Come, too, and we will go to your own ground, and state what almost every lawyer knows to be true.

A Modern Jonah has been under a Whig *or a Democrat.*" In this year there are two opinions, gentlemen? When has a Judge been appointed in Pennsylvania, without reference to his politics? If there are instances of the kind, they are merely exceptions to the general rule. When did a Democratic Governor appoint a Whig to a judgeship, or a Whig Governor to the same kind office by a Democrat?

And more, men that are notoriously incompetent, have been appointed merely because they happened to be of the same political way as the Governor—men whom their own party would not have nominated in case the control of the people. But probably you do not know this; else you would not have said that "*Andrew Jackson* has been the last Whig or a Democrat."

But let us judge a little of the future by the past. In Berks and other counties, there are several other officers, have been elective for years—and yet, in all that time, we never recollected that we have had better men to fill those offices since they were made elective? And if this be the case, in the election of the Peace, in what way should it not be true of the Judges? Therefore, we will by no means be guilty of the folly of voting against the Democratic ticket, because we think it wrong.

For, suppose the Governor appoints—who does he appoint? Is he at liberty to select the best man he can find in the various Districts? Even if he were at liberty to do so, we shall be glad them? He is not to be supposed to have a good acquaintance all over the State.

But he is not at liberty to select the best man, even if he knew him. It is a part of the bargain by which he is made an officer at all. He cannot shovel he distributed among his *friends*, but among the *Democratic* friends. And the Governor is no unlike any class of the Western people, in all to the common duty of hospitality, that he will be disposed to be partial to his friends. Politics will be the first question asked.

But you "fear the people"—you do not think that they will be overcome by the influence of intelligence, all virtue, all truth. Neither do we. We think that, compared with what they ought to be, a large part of the people are ignorant, selfish and ignorant. But, relatively, the American people are the most intelligent in the world. Compared with the people, we yet, on the face of the Globe, it is the most intelligent. And the power must be vested somewhere. It must either be vested, in this State, in the whole people, or in the Governor. Which of any one by himself is the most likely to be right? Which is the safest depository of power? Which is the most likely to be abused? Which will be the most likely to be overcome by

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1840.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philad'a.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Last week's news from Europe is not very important. The recent defeat of Ali is rather was not unanticipated.

From an article in the *Monsieur*, Louis Napoleon's organ, it appears very evident that he is determined, if the National Assembly refuse to revise the Constitution, and extend the term of service, to appeal to the people. The article alluded to says:

Louis Napoleon desires no other prerogatives than those which he now enjoys. His sole object in the re-establishment of the monarchy and credit; in a Word, to close the era of revolutions. But, to accomplish the mission of peace which has been reserved for him by Providence, it is necessary that the Constitution of the year VIII. should be revised. Without this revision Louis Napoleon knows that, that when the Constitutional shall arrive for the renewal of the conduct of Finance—that is to say, to convoke the parties which, only, in the bosom of the National Assembly will comprehend the duties imposed upon it by circumstances—he will assume responsibility which it would assume in history if it were to hesitate to respect the immediate revision of the Constitution."

Therefore, if the National Assembly refuses to extend Louis Napoleon's powers, he will be the champion of the re-establishment of order, confidence and credit"—this latter word is important, "is to close the era of revolutions"—will immediately "appeal to the people"—in other words, attempt to overthrow the Assembly and Constitution, and revolutionize the Government. There is consequently no peace.

A formidable insurrection has broken out in Albania—and the immense armies of the Sultan is greatly diminished. We trust he has good reason for being so.

The spontaneous treatment of Gen. Haynau, by the English, has aroused all the national feelings of the Austrian Government to the highest. The wonted whipper has been again taken into favor—and Lord Palmerston is determined to support it, and to be advanced in rank. The Emperor of Russia has also sent him one of his orders of nobility. This is the highest honor these most whom freemen most despise.

It is said that the disputes between France and the United States, is to be referred to the President of France.

It is said that the Governments of Hanover and Bavaria will interfere in Hesse Cassel, to counteract the authority of the Elector of that State. Very probably—Treaty has it all its own way, for the present, in Europe.

Atrocious Robbery.—The Mail Train for Baltimore, &c., was robbed of several bags, on Saturday evening last, either between Gray's Ferry and Kenn's Ferry, or at the latter place. The robbed bags and letters were afterwards found opposite the Arsenal. They contained the Mails made up at New York, on Saturday, for Wheeling, Steubenville, and Bridgeport, Ohio; for Louisville, Nashville, Natchez, Mississippi, Mobile, St. Louis, Memphis, Alexandria, Washington, Hoss, and Frankfort, Kentucky. The letters found filled a three bushel bag, and were sent back to New York, by the Mail Train of Monday. From the great number of drafts and checks found in the letters, it is supposed the robbers feathered themselves with the notes only, receiving every other description of promises to pay. No loss can be formed of the amount of money obtained, as the letters were not accurately examined, before they can be so, the amount of the mails will be required to cover the loss. The only stamps missing from the letters were a \$100 in notes, written by Carpenter & Vermilye, Wall Street, New York, and addressed to S. Merwin, Richmond, Va. The Notes was also a box that had contained jewelry.

Board of Health.—The manner of deaths during the last week in the city was as follows:—

Miscellaneous.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD.

There can be no doubt that up to this time the discovery of gold in California, so far from being beneficial to the United States, has been of very great injury. It has withdrawn an amount of labor, capital and enterprise from the channels in the course which have not been restored. The emigration from the United States to that region, for the period, been not less than 100,000 persons, and the average expenditure of each of these, has certainly not been less than \$500 per head—a sum, which of itself would make an aggregate of fifty millions of dollars. The loss of labor, and of the trade, the shipping it gave and employed to the United States, is also very great. We cannot make it much larger, and if one has been generally asserted, that three thousands have realized large sums, which by the way we very much doubt. If that, however, is so, they should have received at least a million of dollars.

The value of the things wanted by the Californians, has been rising in San Francisco, and the probability of being able to get away from there, cannot be less than ten or twelve hundred per cent. What emigrants, therefore, have realized, or probably can hundred millions of capital and labor has been withdrawn from the country which, formerly, and certainly not exceeding twenty millions of dollars.

But we have by no means exhibited all the injury which the country has suffered by this gold fever. The great bulk of the people of the California districts of each vicinity, all or nearly all abandoned their usual occupations, and engaged in increasing their own and the nation's wealth, and each of them ordinarily producing a certain annual addition to the national capital, at least three hundred dollars annually, or thirty millions of dollars each year. But we will take this lower value in the country, various branches of business have been neglected or injured. The real causes of the West have been so much abandoned in consequence of the gold fever, that we have gone in search of more valuable material, that the price of land has advanced greatly in the United States, and our agricultural products pay not only a very heavy additional rent annually for the use of land, but are produced largely in foreign interest, we are now importing largely from Spain, and paying interests for the articles, which we have heretofore produced on our own country; cheaper than they could import them to us.

A large number of our whole ships have been withdrawn in order to engage in the American trade, or are unable to obtain their crews when they reach the Pacific, and the consequence is, the people of the United States are paying a high premium to us and upon ourselves, in a very heavy amount. While thousands of ships and millions of gold would certainly not be an over estimate for the many thousands of vessels employed by California in the rest of the Union, in addition to the vast amount of labor withdrawn from the labor of those now there, and a further amount of fifty millions would be required to cover the various losses. What chance is there of such a result? What encouragement is there for capital and labor? Can any one still invest one hundred and fifty millions in gold from that quarter—and yet if we do not, the continuity is at the present time. Would be a very losing bargain to the Union.

But the greatest loss to the Union by the withdrawal of such a large and efficient portion of labor from the ordinary pursuits of life, is by no means the full extent of the injury inflicted. In some of the new Western States, and in others in which sensitive have been recently diminished by the full of emigration, the growth of gold, the clearing and improvement of lands have been checked, the growth of towns and villages has been arrested, to say nothing of real estate, the value of which has been greatly depreciated. The loss of these improvements to the best of the country, is not a present real only, but one which will be permanently felt by the present and the aggregate of it, can hardly be over estimated.

To all this may be added the loss of thousands of valuable lives, which have been sacrificed or that have been cut off by exposure, except good food, than for, has been the result of the acquisition of California and her gold, and we only wish we could ascertain more favorable subscriptions for the future, but we carefully content we do not.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

☞ There are in the prisons at Nantucket present no less than 40,000 political prisoners; and the opinion is that, from the crowded state of the jails, the greater number of these persons will go mad, become idiots, or die.

OUR UNION.

[The last lyric which follows we copy from the Vicksburg Mississippi Whig:]

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champion,
Streams still along the Northern trail and by the Rio Grande of Mexico.
It dawn in vain that over Bunker's knee contended with gorgeous flowers.
And smile in tears that love and grieve by dark Alamo's stream.

It is a sacred legacy to native our desire,
Not less from village section, nor the sea of city pride,
And the unceasing evergloden to Heaven's lofty dome,
The glory of the nation's past dwells through a kindred blood.

Where'er the world's tale is told it does the chord with chime,
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Monticello's clime.

But wherever is above the fray the stars of empire soar,
Or where or o'er the dust it pours a common flame.
Wherever wave,

Selected Poetry.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And roused still in memory's dream,
They are no longer here.
A huge rail monster of metal is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream is cold and silent,
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass'd where the glen was sweetly wound.

Not the stone—for many a mile
Along that iron way,
Or verdant bank or sunbeam smile
The cool fresh read at early noontime—
The sundown's ready yet,
All, all to distant domain hied gone,
While wheeling trains are hurrying on.

Yet gone we them with plaudits meets,
And eyes that even we track,
To nothing now the wonder which parts
The distant from the near!
The soul that's her cherish'd sweet
Beats home the lonely existing breast,
The friend by rotted bank,
With speed this here we too can taste,
The line of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
To watch the approaching train,
And down it roll, the mail car and mine,
A rude, but welcome chain.
To land on a world, whose line
Each passing hour to nearer runs,
But here may yet in vain.
To bring them near whom many an art,
Have for ambition to keep apart.

THE PILGRIM'S YEARNING.

Immortal and true always—Job Vol. 19.
I have wanted for the salvation.—St Luke—xvii. xiii. 18.

Not always on the cursory, oh, my God!
Not always on the cursory wings of time,
The place Thou hast prepared for me abode.
Stands open to receive me home I come!
Why should I wish to linger in the Wild,
When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy child?

It is a weary way, and I am lone,
I pass no grave and sparkling springs,
Oh, Father, take me home, there is a voice,
A shadow on earth's pleasant things,
There is no one, my friend! no power apart from Thee.

Come, gentle death, though I have wanted thee long,
And thou art dreadful still to mortal sense,
Come, thou art welcome now, and dear to me!
Thou shalt but end me to escape from home!
Come! I can meet thee now, and shudder not from Thee!
I plunge in darkness now, and shrink me from the vision.

Looking to Jesus with a steadfast eye.
God in His righteousness, my robe divine,
Come! for the heavenly mansion I long,
Poor, penniless, shadowy phantom, He is mine,
All this is found in Him, whose living word
Gives me the final rest that whom dying is the Lord.

Selected Sketch.

THE VOLUNTEER SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY "UN MILITAIRE."

Within the past few years the United States have acquired among the nations of the earth the reputation of being a formidable Military Power, and their claim to this distinction, which was formerly merely assumed, has been admitted to be a reality by all the chief nations of the world. This admission on the part of the transatlantic Powers is one of the results of the Mexican War.

Until after the desperate battles of Buena Vista and those won in the valley of Mexico in the contest for the possession of the Mexican Metropolis, the existence of a military organization, equal in the uniformity of a foreign war, was regarded as entirely false, both at home and abroad. It is true that the regular army as an United States force always has been carefully guarded, since the establishment of the Government and Academy, as unsurpassed in point of discipline, and thoroughly educated officers, but the numbers of the regular army, are now as they existed in comparison with the extent of our frontiers, and with the formidable enemies with which our Government might be called upon at any moment to contend. But until the time when the exigencies of the Mexican War developed the vast military resources of this Union, our Government was regarded by the European powers as totally incapable of carrying war into an enemy's country, or even, to maintain itself in any territory against the sudden assault of a large and well-conditioned European army.

The yearly returns of the different States to the War Department at Washington, relative to the number of enrolled militia capable of bearing arms in the respective States, exhibiting a military force of nearly two millions of men, were believed on all hands to be mere paper calculations, and in no way presenting an accurate or valuable estimate of our power. Hence when the declaration of the war with Mexico was announced on the other side of the Atlantic and the critical position of Gen. Taylor was understood, the journals of Europe were filled with prophecies of the certain destruction of our little army on the banks of the Rio Grande, and the consequent humiliation of the American Government. The news from the Mexican frontiers, which followed the declaration of war, announced as well our own people as the people of Europe, and dashed the prognostics which had gained universal credence there. The time transpired when the United States Government were to prove to all the world, that our popular form of Government was not so powerless and unwieldy as had been supposed.

A law passed through both Houses of Congress empowering the President to raise an army of 50,000 volunteers from the different States, for the purpose of the invitation of the Mexican Republic. The requisition of the President for 50,000 troops was responded to by the unbidden zeal and voluntary enrollment of *three Hundred and Fifty Thousand* men from all parts of the country.

The volunteer army thus suddenly raised, instructed at once, took the field and became the foremost of the whole civilized world. The experiment was a novel one, and the chances of defeat and annihilation, were in the minds of the most distinguished generals of the old world, as ten to one against it. The battle of Buena Vista proved, however, that the obstinate valor of the Anglo-Saxon race had not only not diminished on the American people; and that the moral and physical courage of the American citizen could render the place and position the results of impetuous and daring. It was a fortunate circumstance for our success, that the battle of Buena Vista was fought by volunteers; if the whole army there consisted of regular troops, the battle would have ended in the retreat of the American forces, and victory would have resulted in the annihilation of the whole army stationed on the Rio Grande. The regulars are not founded upon supposition, or in derogation of the established valor of the regular troops, but upon the statements of General Taylor himself, both in private conversation and his despatches to the War Department.

During the progress of this battle a large body of Mexican troops had turned the rear of the American army, and at the same time General Santa Anna confronted Taylor in front to cut off the forces of Gen. Taylor by a simultaneous attack in front and rear. Under ordinary circumstances the movements of Santa Anna would have gained him the day, and Gen. Taylor says that if his combatants had been of regular troops, he should have fallen back and retreated, but he had only Volunteers, who were little skilled in tactics, and to enter them to retreat, would have ended their fate. At the moment the American troops were opposed to all sides, and the Volunteer commissions in different parts of the field, found that they could not rely on their reinforcements, or they should lose their positions. Old Rough had them in command on the ground, and he saw that his command was virtually defeated, but understanding the peculiar nature of the troops under his command, he practiced a bold but successful stratagem. "Tell Connor to stand,—by," said he, to the Aid-de-camp who were said to him to ask for reinforcements, "that they've got the Mexicans just where they want 'em, and now's the time to give 'em."

This information was conveyed to the troops, who repeated the utmost confidence in what their Commander said, and the fate of victory was turned. If the Volunteers had fought with desperation before, they fought now, as the Mexicans say, *como unos diablos que bramian,*" (more like demons than human beings.) The Mississippi rifle regiment dropped their rifles, and rushed with Bowie-knives in hand upon more than ten times their number of lancers, and so terrible and destructive was their charge, that the much vaunted *Lanceros* fled before them in dismay, and were driven far back before the Mexicans line of battle, from whence they could not again be rallied. The regiment of heavy infantry plunged into the ranks of the regular, and destroyed execution, until the victory rested with the American arms.

In summing up the numerous qualities which the American possesses as a military element, it may be asserted without presumption that they are equalled by no other nation now in existence. The action of Congress in the second and main up, as a general thing, of the vilest dregs of the population of any institute of education or principle, and possessing only that brutal courage, with which wild beasts are endowed in common with humanity; they have no stake in the common weal, no hope of advancement, and are led or driven by the motives of their commanders, without reflection and without regard to consequences. The personnel of an American Volunteer Army is entirely different. The Government has an interest in every one of the most robust men in the community, but of those who have a predilection for warlike employment, who, consequently, exercise their energies and influence to the service of the State. The Government is under the necessity of entering into its service a single man who has a repugnance to war, or who would be likely to forfeit the allegiance of men in a lukewarm manner, nor is it obliged by want of better material, to accept of men who have any mental or physical constitution. Those who have known the different types of volunteers and regulars have remarked of what fine athletic men they were composed, and with what indomitable hardihood and perseverance, they endure every obstacle opposed to them, either by the climate, the fatigue and hardships of the march, their own marches, or by the enemy in the field. The personal health and endurance of the troops, under the most unfavorable auspices was far superior to that of either soldiers, and though the climate destroyed many, yet when all the circumstances of the case are considered, the entire loss by disease was extremely small.

It has been often remarked by historians, that the inhabitants of large countries are conditioned timorously brave, and are always formidable accessories in the field, but are unable to cope in the open field with the American Armies. The numbers of the regular army of the United States are characterized with part of our forces, by what would have been denominated desperate, or reckless courage, but it has been exhibited not at the time, a degree of prudence and discretion, which at all until the better part of valor, but its chief and distinguishing trait.

The most conspicuous moral principle that operated powerfully in sustaining our armies in Mexico against the adverse circumstances which were opposed to them throughout the war, which often have victory from the very jaws of defeat and conquest, at the time when it seemed that all was lost, was the sentiment of nationality. This sentiment is not confined to our native Americans, though it was never manifested in the daily intercourse of the soldiers and officers of society, but when the call of battle became the strongest incentive to action, it was always manifested. In the soldiers was more fully illustrated than at the battle of Cerro Gordo, by the New York and South Carolina regiments. In the battles of Monterey, and again in all scarcely twelve hundred men, were nearly engaged by opposing with a fearful loss of almost 7,000 dollars, and there was a considerable discovery between the North and the South as men of the press: could not resist the temptation, of publicly announcing the fact, with the view of the personal honor and valuation of the South in the cognizance of Mr'lle Lind.

And now comes the cream of the joke. Quite by a number of the highest breed and bottom, and the climate destroyed many, but he remained unscathed, was not even called for, and he once Mr. Barnum had "counted his chickens before they were hatched." How Jenny Lind's views of the Encomia turned of amounting to 18,000 dollars or upwards (since increased to 20,000 dollars) for about 7,000 dollars, and there was a considerable discovery between the North and the South as men of the press: could not resist the temptation, of publicly announcing the fact, with the view of the personal honor and valuation of the South in the cognizance of Mr'lle Lind.

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Wit and Humor.

BARNUM "DONE" AT LAST.

Mr. Barkhardt, the musical editor of the *N. Y. Tuesday Dispensa*, tells a capital story as to Barnum's success, and the "done" of the fun of the thing, give the story to our readers:

On the day of the first concert, Mr. Barnum informed the fair Swede, that her share of the concert would be no less than 18,000 dollars, and probably would be much more, whereupon Jenny, in the excitedness of her heart, determined to give it all to charity. Mr. Barnum, who with an eye to business, at once perceived how to turn this determination to the best account, at once, was delighted by this proposal, and told the lady, that he would, if called before the audience, announce the fact. This proposition, the modest charity of Mr'lle Lind at once rejected, and she earnestly requested of him not to do so. Her lawyers were called, and the 18,000 dollars were at once deposited to their credit, and the charitable proposition was cancelled.

Well, at the time, was near—night that 18,000 dollars were appropriated, and which I publicly wrote down upon the subscription list. Two fully paid—oh, I beg pardon—our promises."

"And so they shall be fulfilled, and now we will call them. Here we are, Barnum," and the fair Swede's eyes lighted up with the fires of concert fame, "and now, I have brought with me the subscription list, and here and the sum of fifty dollars, and there was a considerable discovery between the North and the South as men of the press: could not resist the temptation, of publicly announcing the fact, with the view of the personal honor and valuation of the South in the cognizance of Mr'lle Lind.

"Stop, stop!" said Barnum, "what more do you want?"

"Why my dear Miss Lind, there are not 18,000 which you